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*mariot*, between Cabra and the river, a branch of which all the African travellers were ignorant, and which has been lately formed. That Cabra should be upon the very bank of the river is possible, and may be conceived, if the canal borders upon a different point.

The statement also that the *streets* are clean, does not contradict the account of M. Caillié, which only says, that the *port* is very dirty.

2. The circumstances attending the death of Laing, according to the critic, are very incorrectly stated; and yet M. Caillié obtained them from the host of the English traveller. 'Let him mention the name of this host,' says the journal, 'and we can judge of his veracity.' This is a serious challenge certainly; but how long has it been considered necessary for individuals to recollect the names of all the persons they met with in their travels?

3. Osman, the chief or governor of Timbuctoo cannot be a negro of dark complexion, with frizzy hair, because he is the lieutenant of the Sultan of the Fellatahs or Foulahs. But is there no instance of a conqueror making a native governor of one of the conquered provinces? The conduct of this individual towards Major Laing, would be a proof of a contested fact. This man had given him a cordial reception on his arrival, and if obliged to cede to the orders of Bello or of Ahmed Labo he forced him to leave Timbuctoo, he at all events, would not allow him to fall a victim within the walls of the city.

4. The king or governor was a *fellatah*, a *white*, says the English journal. It was not therefore a woman, who governed, as the servant of Mr. Tyrwhit asserts. We have two contradictory accounts. How shall we at the same time contrast them with the account of our countryman? Why, let us begin by making them accord.

5. There were no Touariks in 1828, says the English journal, in the vicinity of Timbuctoo; their power was destroyed. But is the account of Major Laing upon this subject, given sufficiently in detail, to enable us to conclude the fact in a general manner? But who can we induce to believe that the authority of the Fellahs extends to the Sahara, and can prevent the incursions of a colony so powerful as the Touariks?

6. Laing perished, according to the statement of M. Caillié, on the fifth day of his departure from Timbuctoo; whilst the account from Tripoli, - given by the African servant, makes the period of his death the third day. - What conclusion can we draw from the variance of so many accounts? All the statements are from the mouths of the natives, and five different ones are known; two made at Tripoli, three at Saint Louis, and one statement was made to M. Caillié in the desert of Timbuctoo itself. They all differ in the details, but they agree in the principal circumstances.

7. The English Journalist does not understand how from the summit of ruins, it is possible to perceive the interior of squares, and the streets of the city. In answer to this, we would refer him to the lofty ruins which surround the city of Cairo, and we may observe, that possibly the perspective view of the English traveller was incorrect.

The rest of the criticism is composed of jests, to which it is not necessary to reply, and we may observe, that any one who reads the lengthy article, will be tempted to believe

that the affected incredulity of the foreign Journalist is not real.

We shall close our observations by citing the testimony of a veracious traveller, M. Cochelet, whose suffrage is of considerable weight. The following is a letter written by him on the fifth of last month, immediately subsequent to the appearance of M. Caillié's book.

Chateauroux, March 5, 1830.

Sir,— You may suppose that I have been one of the first readers of M. Caillié's travels. The general interest which the work excites, is increased in my case by many recollections. It was with no little eagerness that I turned my attention to the principal point of his journey, to that city which in future will cease to be enveloped in the veil of mystery which so many brave men have vainly endeavoured to draw aside, but I confess that it is when the intrepid traveller gains the northerly part of the desert of Sahara, that my curiosity is heightened. The description so exact of the territory of El-Harib, bordering upon that in which I had myself sojourned, and to which it is not without strong traits of similarity—the justice of the ethnographic remarks which describe so accurately the Nomades of this country, have given me a very strong impression of the veracity of the rest of the narrative. I could have wished to encounter Mr. Caillié in the very places which I had visited on this coast from Noum to Onad Noun, where so many caravans pass towards Timbuctoo. There, without doubt, I should have found his truth still more apparent, and I should have recognized even the persons who embittered the cup of my captivity. But in the north of the Sahara desert, it is easy to judge of the manners of one tribe, by those of a neighbouring one. These Nomades acquire the same habits from the frequency of their communication with each other.

(Signed) COCHELET.

Such is the man whom an English publication accuses of imposture. Perhaps these unjust suspicions will be deemed the more misplaced after the honorable testimony rendered by the French Society, to the memory of Major Laing.\*

The French Statistical Society, held its sixth monthly meeting on the 20th inst. which was brilliantly attended. Count Alexander de Laborde took the chair, supported by the Dukes of Montmorenci and De Guiche, &c. &c. Letters excusing their absence were read from the Dukes of Orleans and Chartres, Prince Leopold of Saxe Cobourg, and other distinguished individuals. Numerous presents of works, and documents, both printed and in MSS. connected with statistics were announced, and thanks voted to the donors. The Vicomte Hericart de Thury, and M. Cesar Moreau the original founder of the society, were elected grand officers. The society now ranks among its members, three princes of the blood royal of France, Princes Leopold of Saxe Cobourg, and Paul of Wurtemberg, five of the cabinet ministers, four Marshals of France, and ten Ambassadors from foreign states.

\* To such of our readers as do us the honor of remembering the sentiments we have expressed respecting Caillié and his book, we need scarcely observe that there is not a word to alter our opinion in all this special pleading of the *Moniteur*.

To the Redacteur of the *Dublin Literary Gazette*.

Mons.—The letter which appeared in a late *feuille* of yours on Frenchified English, is truly very à propos. It points out *clairement* the *folie* of that class of society who wish to pass gibberish for *bel esprit*, and proves that the English tongue is growing old, and, therefore, no longer à la mode; even the title of a book must be *boulevard*, and not *closet*. *Certainement* this jargon gives no *ton de grandeur* to their person, nor a *finesse* to their conversation, which is, however, not always very *recherché*. *Sans doute*, it only proves this: that they have been à Paris, and to convince you, they will, *de temps-en-temps*, favour you with a half broken Frenchified sentence, to give themselves an *air distingué*, but, when a *voyageur* thinks to have met with a *savant*, and delighted of *entamer* a conversation *suivie* with his new linguist, he not very much *versé* in *la langue Française*, most respectfully makes *une inclination de tête* to his dialogist followed by the usual apology—*“I forgot most of my French.”*

The *Hibernoises* are, *en vérité*, far from showing the same *goût* which the *Parisiannes* entertain for *délicieuses* perambulations. *Au lieu* of enjoying a pure air, a serene atmosphere, a *belle vue*, or a *rangée* of fine houses, and *surtout*, a place *aérée*, where beauty could be displayed without *gêne* in all its forms *attrayantes*—such as Merion-square, they *vont s'entasser* in some very old streets, under a *ciel nébuleux*, where all *flaneurs*, when meeting a lady, arrogate to themselves the *droit* of gazing her in the very *dents*; *ainsi*, that it is *tout-à-fait* impossible to conjecture whether she is a lady *de qualité* or a mere *modiste*.

Ah! M. Éditeur, what *drole* politeness I observe in this city. When it happens that two *gentelmen* of *grande* appearance meet with *une dame* in the streets, and that the one *Monsieur* being *seulement* acquainted with the *belle*, the other must stand à l'*écart*, and is not entitled to be *poli*: he dare not take off his *chapeau*, for *certainement* he would insult the lady. *Hé bien*, M. le *Redacteur*, this is à la *vérité*, very odd *politesse*. What is *civilité* in one country is *insulte* in another, *enfin*, *n'importe*, the English wish it *comme ça*. *Il n'y a rien à dire*.

I am, M. le *Redacteur*, with *grand respect*, yours,

VOYAGEUR.

[The following very curious and interesting document was found among the papers of an eminent literary character some time deceased, and communicated to us by our excellent friend the Historian of Galway, who has contributed as much, perhaps, as any man living to throw light upon the past history and literature of Ireland. The paper appears to have been drawn up solely for the information of the person in whose possession it remained, and never to have been intended for publication: its internal marks of genuineness and authenticity will carry conviction to the mind of every reader.]

#### ANECDOTES OF THE FOURTH REGIMENT OF HORSE.

BY AN EYE WITNESS.

His Majesty's Fourth Regiment of horse, commanded by Sir John Ligonier, continued upon the Irish establishment from the conclusion of Queen Anne's wars to the year 1742.

ED.

This long period of thirty years, naturally brought the corps to be composed almost entirely of Irish, as I do not recollect at any time more than two or three private men in it of any other country. A Regiment eminently distinguished at the revolution, and in the Queen's wars under Marlborough, found no difficulty in recruiting. It was in general, composed of the younger branches of ancient and respectable families, nor was it uncommon, to give from twenty to thirty guineas for a trooper's place. In the summer of 1742, the Regiment was ordered for foreign service, and so very unexpectedly, that the troop horses were taken up from grass, and the clothing of the men was in the last month of the period for which it was to be worn; under these disadvantageous circumstances was the regiment embarked for England, and upon their march for embarkation for Flanders, was reviewed, without respite or preparation, at Hounslow, by the king, in the centre between the Oxford blues and Pembroke's horse, of nine troops each, newly and completely appointed, and which had only marched from the neighbouring cantonments for that purpose. No wonder that there was a manifest disparity in the appearance of the corps, the meagre horses of the *blacks*, being scarcely able to crawl under the raw boned half naked *Hibernians* who rode them. The old king, however, had judgment to discern the cause, and generosity to make the proper allowances, and wishing to afford their dejected Colonel (who no doubt experienced not a little uneasiness on the occasion,) some consolation, he good-humouredly said, *Ligonier!* your men have the air of soldiers, despite of their clothes, their horses indeed look poorly, how is it? "Sire!" replied he, "the men are Irish and gentlemen, the horses are English." The Regiment shortly afterwards embarked for Germany, and in the ensuing campaign, in June 1743, were of the brigade of English cavalry at the battle of Dettingen. The army being surprised into action, and not having an opportunity of calling in their outposts, the regiment was but 100 strong in the field, after having sustained a very heavy cannonade from three batteries for an hour and forty minutes, they charged the French gendarmerie, drawn up six deep to sustain the weight of British horse. From a failure in one of the flank regiments of the brigade, of which the enemy promptly took advantage, the regiment was surrounded and overpowered, and forced to fight their way back through the enemy, as the only means of preventing their total annihilation. In this charge the regiment had fifty-six men, and six officers, killed and wounded,\* making nearly one third of the whole. For the remainder of the campaign the regiment did duty but as one squadron. Many had hitherto been the taunts and *snouches* which the two English regiments had thrown upon the *VIRGIN MARY'S GUARDS*, (for so the blacks were termed, being all Roman Catholics,) but from this period the tables were turned, and St. Patrick protected the honour of his countrymen. Having served in that engagement in the 33rd Regiment of foot, (JOHNSTON'S) I had fortunately an opportunity of preserving the life of a French nobleman, and having occasion to fall into the rear of the line, to protect my prisoner, I came immediately behind

the blacks, and I then saw an old veteran corporal, and half a dozen comrades, who had fought through the enemy, and were literally covered with wounds; he addressed his companions with observing their present wretched condition, that they had begun the day well, and hoped they would end it so, and collecting this small squadron of heroes, they recharged the thickest of the enemy, and in a second of time not a man of the little band survived. Cornet Richardson, who carried a standard, received seven and thirty cuts and shots upon his body, and through his clothes, besides many on the shaft of the standard, and being questioned how he contrived to save the colours, he observed (like a true *Hibernian*,) that if the wood of the standard had not been made of iron, it would have been cut off. The regiment being provided with new standards the ensuing winter, each Cornet was presented with the particular standard he had himself carried, as an honourable testimony of his good behaviour. In 1745, the Regiment was at the battle of Fontenoy, and upon that field there was not a man or horse wanting of their full complement. One man indeed had been left behind at Brussels, wounded in a duel, but there having been brought up to the Regiment, in a number of recruits, one man more than was wanting, the General had ordered him to be kept at his own expense till a vacancy should happen, so that in reality the Regiment was by one man more than complete in its number. In this action there was a trooper in the regiment, named Stevenson, whose horse had been shot early in the morning. The regiment saw no more of him till next evening, that he joined them at Ath. The men of his troop insisted that he should give an account of himself; that he was unworthy of being a *Ligonier*, and that he should not attempt to stay in the lines. Stevenson demanded a court-martial next day: it sat, and the man being questioned what he had to say in his justification, he produced Lieutenant Izard of the Welsh Fusileers, who declared that on the morning of the action, the prisoner addressed him, told him that his horse being killed, he requested to have the honour of carrying a firelock under his command in the grenadiers, which was complied with; that through the whole of that day's action he kept close by him, and behaved with uncommon intrepidity and conduct, and was one of nine grenadiers that he brought off the field. Stevenson was restored to his troop with honour, and next day the Duke presented him to a lieutenantcy in the regiment in which he had behaved so well.

Quarter-master Jackson was the son of a Quarter-master in the regiment. His father not having the means of providing for him, the young fellow went on board a man-of-war, in a fleet going to the Mediterranean. A party of the crew made a descent on the coast of Spain: this was in 1734. The party was surprised, and Jackson made prisoner by the Spaniards. In order to obtain his liberty from a gaol, after twelve months captivity, he enlisted in the Spanish army, and the year following, being in command on the coast of Spain, his party was surprised by the Moors; he was made prisoner, carried to Oran in Barbary, and exhibited as a slave for sale: the English Consul seeing something in his appearance that made him suspect he was his countryman, spoke to him, and finding him a British subject, purchased him, brought him

home to his house, and made him superintendent of his family. After some years, he obtained his discharge, returned to Ireland, and found his father still living. Lord Ligonier permitted the old man to resign his warrant to his son.

Some time after this, the regiment being upon Dublin duty, Jackson, in passing through the Castle-yard, observed a soldier standing sentinel at the gate, and perceived that as he walked by, the soldier turned his face from him, as if to conceal himself. Jackson returning to the barrack, found himself unusually distressed. He could not banish the idea of this same sentinel out of his mind; he had an anxiety that he could not account for or suppress, to know who he was; and going next morning to the Castle, he waited the relief of the guard, and found the man that he wanted. Jackson addressed him, told him that his face was familiar to him, and begged to know where he had seen him before: in short, in this soldier, he found his protector the Consul of Oran, who had redeemed him from slavery. The account that he gave of this extraordinary reverse of fortune, was, that shortly after they had parted, his affairs ran into confusion; he had out-run his allowance; had overdrawn, was recalled, and obliged to return to England, where, upon his arrival, he enlisted with the first recruiting party that he met, and now was a soldier, with his fortune in his knapsack. Jackson made every return in his power to his benefactor: obtained his discharge from the infantry, had him appointed a trooper in the Blacks, and shared his pay with him. But in the course of six months the unfortunate Consul died of brandy and a broken heart.

I returned with the regiment to Ireland, in March 1747. From the time of their leaving Ireland, there never was an instance of a man's having deserted—there never was a man or horse belonging to it taken by the enemy, nor a man tried by a general Court-Martial.—There were but six men who died a natural death; and there were thirty-seven private men promoted to commissions.

#### A SUNDAY AT KINGSTOWN.

SOME sayer of sayings has given out that "the character of a nation is more easily detected in its lightest amusements, than in its gravest occupations." If this aphorism be true, we have only to regard the manner in which our citizens dispose of what they consider their disposable day, the Sabbath, to be enabled to define every trait of disposition in the people of a city that is proverbial, "the most say-bathingest and car-dhrivingest place in the world." A few years ago, it was no easy matter to ascertain what the ruling passion of the Dublinites might be on Sunday; and amidst the variety of allurements which invited the town into the country, it was difficult to point out the path of pleasure which could boast of the greatest number of followers. Then you might have beheld 200,000 metropolitans escaping from their streets by as many vomitories as Thebes could boast of, and spreading like locusts over the green face of nature, for the purposes of inhaling a healthy atmosphere, and dining with a rural appetite. The straw-berry beds were then swarmed over, and the wilds of the salomon-leap peopled by hebdodal misopolists; the hill of Howth was climbed, the Dargle explored, and the Waterfall commented upon,

\* Colonel Ligonier, Captains Stewart and Robinson, Lieutenant Cholmly, Cornet Richardson, and Quarter Master Jackson; Robinson and Jackson died.